

Good Morning 641

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

From All Over the Place Come Stories with a Smile

(Mostly the Smiles are on the Back Page)

WHEN "Good Morning" calls, mothers, sisters and wives all put down their work to smile at the camera, and on to-day's back page there are pictures of special interest to a P.O., three stokers, and three A.B.s.

Up and down the map went our pencil, finally stopping at Leeds—at a certain 26 Pepper Place, Hunslet.

Here we found quite a family gathering, A.B. BILL HARRISON, and we got all the news from home for you. There is plenty of it, so here goes!

Let's start off with the most important person—to you anyway—your wife, Irene. She has been ill, but is now better, you'll be pleased to hear.

She'll be saving you a few shillings a week when you come back, as she's got to stop smoking. Doctor's orders! She says you've been trying to stop her ever since you were married, and she hopes that you're satisfied now!

She sends you all her love, and hopes you'll be home soon. Her brother is home on leave from Chatham, and then he is going out to Ceylon. She hopes you will meet each other when he arrives there.

Your sister-in-law, Jenny is struggling to make the coupons spin out, preparing for the latest addition to the family when he or she arrives. Her husband came home from Italy, and was on leave when we called. He says, "Tell Bill to get his knees brown!" So now you know.

Your sister Lily is very well, and sends you her love. She says your father is champion, and is still working.

Fred has been on leave from Kent, and Arthur from France,

so there were great rejoicings at Lily's home in Parmaby Street, Leeds. She wishes that you could have got there, too.

When you come home, Bill, you can rest assured that there will be plenty of wallop for you at the celebration. Irene's sister Vera is now a barmaid at your old haunt, the East Hunslet Labour Club!

And there's another member of the family with whom it would be wise to be on good terms—your brother-in-law Dennis is now in the tailoring trade!

Well, I think that's all the family gen for you for the present, Bill. Everybody sends their love and wishes you good luck, and we'll sign off with the same wish.

Well, we said to ourselves, where do we go from here?

To Southport, said our Intuition, to 36, Birch Street, Southport.

Here we found Mrs. Olive Drummond waiting to say "Hiya Drip" to her husband, and we do mean you, A.B. "DRIP" DRUMMOND.

We know you don't like being called "Drip," but Olive says

she loves to tease you . . . so it's anything to please a lady.

Baby Derek (Chunklings to you) is fine. He had just come back from an hour on the beach with his great-grandfather when we called to see your family.

He was as brown as a berry, and certainly looked a credit to Southport's famous sea breezes. Auntie Annie is fine, too, and is still battling with Al at the Blundell Club. She is expecting West home very soon.

Teddy is expected home from France any day, and Olive only wishes you could be home for his leave.

Your wife is always thinking of the great reception she received the day she visited the Sleuth, and thinks the crew are "a fine bunch of guys."

She wants to be remembered to Bert, Ginger (how about the date you promised?), Ronnie and, of course, Gunlayer.

Tell Bert that Marie is receiving piles of mail from him, and wishes to send her love.

Olive is receiving plenty of letters, too. She received five of your letters in one week, and asks you to keep up the good work.

Mother was not available for a photograph, but she sends her love and would like to tell you that, at long last, Dad has had some luck on the football pools.

Grandad wishes the best of luck to all his friends on board, and says he is hoping to

see you all painting the town red in the very near future. . . . Bet the "George" will look like a sub, base when that great day does arrive!

Where do we go now? we wondered when we left "Drip's," and once again we did not have to wait long for an answer.

To 38, Milton Park, N.6., suggested our little friend, Intuition.

That's where P.O. WALTER EGAN lives, and there's some people waiting there to give him a big welcome home.

Your mother was at home with Dorothy and young Christine when we called, and all appeared to be in the best of health.

We were told that Arthur had been home on leave the week before we called, and that he was still keeping fit in the Glider Pilot Regiment. Jim and Harry are both fine, but no news has come lately from Albert.

Your father is still working hard, so hard in fact, that he wasn't there to see us when we visited Milton Park.

We hope you meet someone you know at Hornsey Town Hall, next time you visit the dance hall there, perhaps even some of your friends from the Youth Club.

Anyway, Walter, we bet you won't let the grass grow under your feet!

Your family are still wishing you would write a little more often, Walter, and to this message your mother adds her love and her hopes for your speedy return.

It was again our Intuition which told us we would find someone in at 5, Longmeadow Cottages, Westcott, near Dorking, and we did for we caught your mother in the middle of a spot of washing, 1st CLASS STOKER HARRY SAWYERS.

Mother says everything is going along fine at home and brother Jim is coming home on leave soon, from France. Brother Bill is still doing his stuff on the buses out at Windsor, collecting all the dough.

Brother George is still busy on his rounds for Balchin, the butchers at Westcott, and Margaret is keeping very fit and very often visits Mother, and is always asking after you.

Sister Nellie is still pushing them around a bit on the Southern Railway, and Flo has managed to hurt her arm so is staying in bed until to-morrow, and Rosie, Evie and Margaret are all keeping fine.

Grannie, Aunt Loin and Charlie, and all at No. 5, send their love and hope you have a successful trip.

"If you go along to Grays, you will see Angela," said our little friend, so what could we do? We went.

You haven't met Angela, A.B. HARRY THORPE. She was asleep when we visited 33, First Avenue, West Thurrock, but your sister Joan brought her in to be photographed.

She's two weeks old, and a fine baby. She was quiet as anything all the time we were there, but Joan and George say you should hear her yell. She's just like her uncle then.

They didn't explain what they meant by that. Did it perhaps have anything to do with "Theobold's" alias the "Onky-Tonk" alias the "Bloodbath"?

That reminds us. Ernie Anderson and Eddie Humphreys both send their regards

A.B. Bill Harrison gets a front-page greeting.



to you and hope to see you soon.

This information was provided by fourteen-year-old John, who was having a bit of time off work owing to a finger injury he sustained a short while ago. He's working at the Northfleet Chalk and Whiting Works in case you didn't know.

You've got a lot of cinemas in Grays, Harry. Remember? The State, the Empire, the Ritz and the Regal? They are all still going strong.

We didn't get a look at the Sports Pavilion, but we saw the Queen's Dance Hall. Bet there's some fun there you'll like to get back to!

Dad often gets enquiries about you from your former workmates and they all wish you back again soon.

Your mother couldn't think of anything to tell you, but she told us to give you her special love, and that's probably better than anything else.

Best of luck to you, Harry, from all the folk at 33, not forgetting little Angela. They all hope to see you again soon.

From Grays to Suffolk is a long way, but "Good Morning" got there—to 130, Poplar Hill, Stowmarket, to be exact.

That dog of yours didn't like us at all, STOKER FRED HUNT, but the welcome was much better inside from Mum and Dad, and especially the bright little chirps from the canary.

Mr. and Mrs. Woollard were delighted to get your letter and the photographs at Christmas. That was a nice-looking group of sailor boys you sent.

Just as we were going to photograph Mum and Dad, Aunt Hilda came in so we included her in the photograph. She, by the way, thinks you should know there have been some very good pictures lately, much better than those when you were last home. Also Aunt Hilda wants to know what is all this she hears about pin-up girls?

Says she didn't think there was room for that sort of thing in a submarine. Perhaps you can tell her.

Unfortunately, all the young boys were at school, otherwise we would have photographed all the crowd! But we can say all are well and just as mischievous as ever.

Being a fine warm day, Dad was making up for lost time in the garden. In case you don't know, there was some real winter this past year, very deep snow and roads like skating rinks.

Well, Fred, that seems about all except that all send love to you and look forward to seeing you home again.

Glass as Strong as Steel— and Ideal for Tankards

GLASS to most people means a hard, transparent and brittle substance made in sheets for windows and picture-frames. But the chemist and engineer in the last few years have been working wonders with glass, and it will appear after the war in forms that will be unrecognisable.

Spun as a filament, glass produces a wool as soft as silk and strong enough to be woven into shirts and other garments. It is very warm, for glass is a first-class insulator, and, of course, as it is waterproof, laundering is simply a matter of dipping into water and wiping off the moisture!

It seems unlikely that glass shirts will ever become really popular, but the fabric may appeal to women for decorative purposes. One bride has been married in a glass gown.

There is now no difficulty about making glass slippers. Glass can be prepared in a flexible form which is ideal for this purpose.

Glass wool is being increasingly used as an insulator for boilers, pipes, etc., in industry. In addition to being a non-conductor of heat, it is non-inflammable. A more unusual way in which it will probably be widely used eventually is as wick for oil lamps and lighters.

A glass wick never needs trimming and literally lasts a lifetime.

One has been used for three or four years now in an experimental oil lamp on the railways and has never required trimming. One cigarette lighter wick would, barring accidents, last the lifetime of the lighter. Glass wool is also a sound

insulator, and is likely to be used extensively for packing between dividing walls and into floors to prevent noise being carried from room to room.

It will probably find its way into "modern" houses in extra-ordinary decorative forms, sufficiently strong and heat-resisting, it is now being made to provide baths and coloured glass tubing may replace lead and chromium pipes in the ultra-modern bathroom.

A remarkable new form of glass is springy, sufficiently springy to make good clock springs.

Another curiosity is glass so light that it floats. This "foam

glass" is made by a process in which the glass becomes impregnated with tiny gas bubbles—there may be as many as five million microscopic bubbles to the cubic inch. This glass weighs only one fifteenth as much as ordinary glass—about 10lbs. to the cubic foot.

Primarily it is intended as an insulator, having the advantage of being impervious to moisture. It is also claimed that it will serve as an alternative with advantages to kapok and balsa wood in lifesaving jackets.

Proposals have been put forward for building an unsinkable lifeboat with it.

Special glass fibres have already been woven into ropes which have been given a trial by the Royal Navy. The fibre is a Scotch product made with sand from a famous beach in the Sound of Mull.

A cushion from this fibre, woven in Lancashire mills, has been for some time in the lounge of a London luxury hotel and greatly admired for its sheen and softness by visitors who were astonished to learn it is made of glass.

Progress has also been made in the manufacture of what, after these novelties, might be called "ordinary" glass. A new optical glass produced in Britain containing the oxides of rare metals instead of silica, has unique optical qualities and enables higher performance cameras, binoculars, range-finders and so on to be manufactured.

Another special glass may become the usual "shoe" of electric irons, for it heats more evenly than metals and never "smudges." T. S. DOUGLAS.



"Tut! Tut! We live and learn, lady!"

Alex Cracks

"No, George, I can't marry you. All the family are against it."

"Yes, but if you are not . . ."

"I said all the family."—
—"English Digest."

A professor has discovered that crooning originated in the jungle forests of Africa. If this is true it's jolly sporty of the U.S.A. to have taken the blame all this time.

sometime?" and also, "What about a bit of apple pie?"

"Tell Tom that I often see Jessie Lawler at Towler's," said cousin Kathleen, last of the quartette. "Who is Jessie?" we enquired. "Why, that's Tom's girl friend."

"But," says Auntie, "what about the Wren?"

"Well, anyway, Jessie is the 'local' girl friend," was the last word from Kathleen. . . . Nice going, Tom!

When we left Moss Side we again wondered what was in store for us. It was then that we appreciated our Intuition.

What are you waiting for? it said, they are open!

They were, too!

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A Dead Man Rides Home

GOREE'S eyes wandered about the room. The colonel understood. "Lie still, and I'll bring you some," said he. There was a pump in the yard at the rear, and Goree closed his eyes, listening with rapture to the click of its handle and the bubbling of the falling stream. Coltrane brought a pitcher of the cool water, and held it for him to drink. Presently Goree sat up—a most forlorn object, his summer suit of flax soiled and crumpled, his discreditable head tousled and unsteady. He tried to wave one of his hands toward the colonel.

"Ex-excuse—everything, will

you?" he said. "I must have drunk too much whisky last night, and gone to bed on the table." His brows knitted into a puzzled frown.

"Out with the boys a while?" asked Coltrane kindly.

"No, I went nowhere. I haven't had a dollar to spend in the last two months. Struck the demijohn too often, I reckon, as usual."

Col. Coltrane touched him on the shoulder.

"A little while ago, Yancey," he began, "you asked me if I had brought Stella and Lucy over to play. You weren't quite awake then, and must have been dreaming you were a boy again. You are awake now, and I want you to listen to me."

"I have come from Stella and Lucy to their old playmate, and to my old friend's son. They know that I am going to bring you home with me, and you will find them as ready with a welcome as they were in the old days. I want you to come to my house and stay until you are yourself again, and as much longer as you will."

"We heard of your being down in the world, and in the midst of temptation, and we agreed that you should come over and play at our house once more. Will you come, my boy? Will you drop our old family trouble and come with me?"

"Trouble!" said Goree, opening his eyes wide. "There was never any trouble between us that I know of. I'm sure we've always been the best friends. But, good Lord, Colonel, how could I go to your home as I am—a drunken wretch, a miserable, degraded spend-thrift and gambler—"

He lurched from the table

into his armchair, and began to weep maudlin tears, mingled with genuine drops of remorse and shame. Coltrane talked to him persistently and reasonably, reminding him of the simple mountain pleasures of which he had once been so fond, and insisting upon the genuineness of the invitation.

Finally, he landed Goree by telling him he was counting upon his help in the engineering and transportation of a large amount of felled timber from a high mountainside to a waterway. He knew that Goree

Side by side they rode, out from the dusty streets and gaping townspeople, down across the creek bridge, and up toward the mountain. The prodigal had brushed and washed and combed himself to a more decent figure, but he was unsteady in the saddle, and he seemed to be deep in the contemplation of some vexing problem. Coltrane left him in this mood, relying upon the influence of changed surroundings to restore his equilibrium. Once Goree was seized with a shaking fit, and almost came

ham sandwich tastes, Yancey, to a hungry fisherman?"

Evidently the colonel did not believe the story of his lost wealth; so Goree retired again into brooding silence.

By late afternoon they had travelled ten of the twelve miles between Bethel and Laurel.

Half a mile this side of Laurel lay the old Goree place; a mile or two beyond the village lived the Coltranes.

The road was now steep and laborious, but the compensations were many. The tilted aisles of the forest were opulent with leaf and bird and bloom. The tonic air put to shame the pharmacopoeia. The glades were dark with mossy shade, and bright with shy rivulets winking from the ferns and laurels. On the lower side they viewed, framed in the near foliage, exquisite sketches of the far valley swooning in its opal haze.

Coltrane was pleased to see that his companion was yielding to the spell of the hills and woods. For now they had but to skirt the base of Painter's Cliff; to cross Elder Branch and mount the hill beyond, and Goree would have to face the squandered home of his fathers. Every rock he passed, every tree, every foot of the roadway, was familiar to him.

Though he had forgotten the woods, they thrilled him like the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

They rounded the cliff, descended into Elder Branch, and paused there to let the horses drink and splash in the swift water. On the right was a rail fence that cornered there, and followed the road and stream. Inclosed by it was the old apple orchard of

the home place; the house was yet concealed by the brow of the steep hill. Inside and along the fence, pokeberries, elders, sassafras and sumac grew high and dense.

At a rustle of their branches, both Goree and Coltrane glanced up, and saw a long, yellow, wolfish face above the fence, staring at them with pale, unwinking eyes. The head quickly disappeared.

(Continued on Page 3)

Concluding

"BLACKJACK BARGAINER"

By O. HENRY

had once invented a device for this purpose—a series of slides and chutes—upon which he had justly prided himself. In an instant the poor fellow, delighted at the idea of his being of use to anyone, had paper spread upon the table, and was drawing rapid but pitifully shaky lines in demonstration of what he could and would do.

The man was sickened of the husks; his prodigal heart was turning again toward the mountains. His mind was yet strangely clogged, and his thoughts and memories were returning to his brain one by one, like carrier pigeons over a stormy sea. But Coltrane was satisfied with the progress he had made.

Bethel received the surprise of its existence that afternoon when a Coltrane and a Goree rode amicably together through the town.

to a collapse. He had to dismount and rest at the side of the road. The colonel, foreseeing such a condition, had provided a small flask of whisky for the journey, but when it was offered to him Goree refused it almost with violence, declaring he would never touch it again. By-and-by he was recovered, and went quietly enough for a mile or two. Then he pulled up his horse suddenly and said:

"I lost two hundred dollars last night, playing poker. Now, where did I get that money?"

"Take it easy, Yancey. The mountain air will soon clear it up. We'll go fishing, first thing, at the Pinnacle Falls. The trout are jumping there like bullfrogs. We'll take Stella and Lucy along, and have a picnic on Eagle Rock. Have you forgotten how a hickory-cured-



"And will you stop referring to me as 'Cap, tackline Boots!'"

QUIZ for today

1. A vare is a French tankard, fur muff, staff of authority, small rodent?
2. How many wheels had a velocipede?
3. How do you pronounce the towns of Congressbury and Aughertree?
4. If you were given a vapulation, what would you receive?
5. Who first gave a correct explanation of the eclipses of the sun and moon, and when did he live?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Van, barrow, cart, lorry, truck, wheel-barrow.

Answers to Quiz in No. 640

1. Seaweed.
2. Llewellyn, 1282.
3. Edgar Rice Burroughs.
4. Shellac.
5. River Orwell.
6. W is sometimes a vowel; others are always consonants.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THIRSTY thieves who broke into the Sun Hotel, on the Town Quay, Southampton, one night, literally "rolled out the barrel."

Hacking a large hole in the wooden roof of the cellar, they dropped through and unbolted the cellar flap from the inside.

Selecting a full nine-gallon barrel of the best draught beer, they rolled it up a ramp leading from the cellar into the street, where, presumably, transport was waiting to remove the liquor to a convenient place where they could refresh themselves after their labours, undisturbed.

They also took from the cellar two enamel buckets, to use, perhaps, in lieu of beer-mugs!

★

LATEST tit-bits from Bath, where an ambitious re-planning scheme has been revealed to make it one of the finest cities in the country, are:—

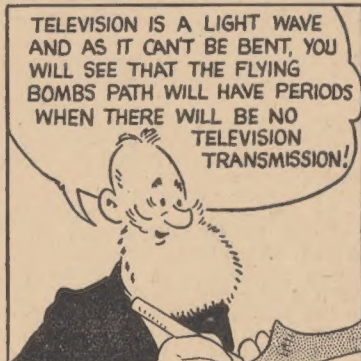
The local Trades Council—indeed, an energetic body—is asking the Bath bus company to give free transport to men in hospital blue, and is appealing to the public to give these men priority on buses.

Sign of the times is reflected by the fact that Bath's civil defence estimates have been reduced by £2,000. Half this sum is being knocked off the £6,000 asked for the Casualty Service and the other half from the £3,250 put down for the Rescue and Decontamination Service.

★

FISHY, but true. Mr. S. Crouch, of Station Road, Ilminster, using a rod and line with a small roach as bait, hooked and landed from the River Ille a pike measuring 41 inches from tip to tip. It was 15 inches in girth, and weighed approximately 16lbs. This is believed to be the largest specimen ever caught in these waters.

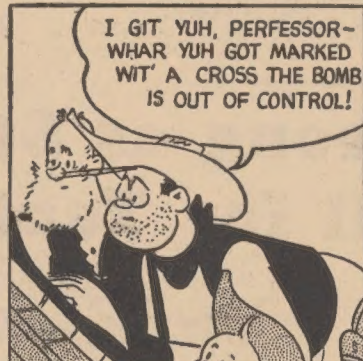
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 580

- 1. Behead close and get a building.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Rof cause degran eth fro si thaws het sogoe acuse.
- 3. What girl's name has IF for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
Now, Mary, the — of those — require a thorough polish-ing.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 579

- 1. P-ounce.
- 2. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.
- 3. Yvonne.
- 4. Life, file.

JANE

"BLACKJACK BARGAINER"

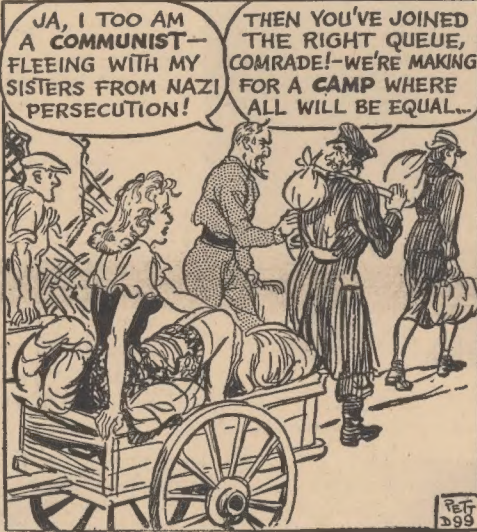
(Continued from Page 2)

They rode out of the branch, and when they reached the foot of the hill Goree stopped again. "Did you ever suspect I was a very vain kind of fellow, Colonel?" he asked. "Sort of foolish proud about appearances?" The colonel's eyes refused to wander to the soiled, sagging suit of flax and the faded slouch hat. "It seems to me," he replied, mystified, but humouring him, "I remember a young buck about twenty, with the tightest coat, the sleekest hair and the prancing saddle horse in the Blue Ridge." "Right you are," said Goree eagerly. "And it's in me yet, though it don't show. Oh, I'm as vain as a turkey gobbler, and as proud as Lucifer. I'm going to ask you to indulge this weakness of mine in a little transgression." "Later on, we'll figure it all out together." "Speak out, Yancey. We'll

create you Duke of Laurel and Baron of Blue Ridge, if you choose; and you shall have a feather out of Stella's peacock's tail to wear in your hat." "I'm in earnest. In a few minutes we'll pass the house up there on the hill where I was born, and where my people have lived for nearly a century. Strangers live there now—and look at me! I am about to show myself to them, ragged and poverty-stricken, a wastrel and a beggar." "Colonel Coltrane, I'm ashamed to do it. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight beyond. I know you think it a foolish pride, but I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old place." "Now, what does this mean?" said Coltrane to himself. But he was already unbuttoning the coat, assenting

readily, as if the fancy were in no wise to be considered strange. The coat and hat fitted Goree well. He buttoned the former about him with a look of satisfaction and dignity. "Now," said Goree, taking up the reins, "I'm all right. I want you to ride about ten feet in the rear as we go by, Colonel, so that they can get a good look at me. They'll see I'm no back number yet, by any means. I guess I'll show up pretty well to them once more, anyhow. Let's ride on." He set out up the hill at a smart trot. Goree sat straight in the saddle, with head erect, but his eyes were turned to the right, sharply scanning every shrub and fence and hiding-place in the old homestead yard. Once he muttered to himself, "Will the crazy fool try it, or did I dream half of it?" It was when he came opposite the little family burying ground that he saw what he had been looking for—a puff of white smoke, coming from

the thick cedars in one corner. He toppled so slowly to the left that Coltrane had time to urge his horse to that side and catch him with one arm. The squirrel hunter had not overpraised his aim. He had sent the bullet where he intended, and where Goree had expected that it would pass—through the breast of Colonel Abner Coltrane's black frock coat. Goree leaned heavily against Coltrane, but he did not fall. The horses kept pace, side by side, and the Colonel's arm kept him steady. The little white houses of Laurel shone through the trees, half a mile away. Goree reached out one hand and groped until it rested upon Coltrane's fingers, which held his bridle. "Good friend," he said, and that was all. Thus did Yancey Goree, as he rode past his old home, make, considering all things, the best showing that was in his power. THE END



Horseshoes and Gluepots

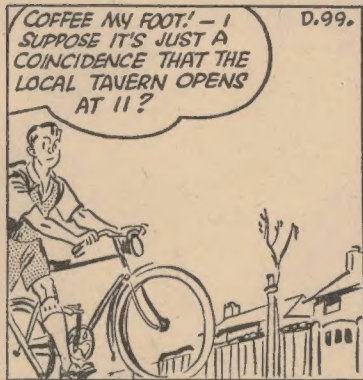
THERE is luck in an old horseshoe. We believe it, if we don't admit it, but in rural Lincolnshire they've a notion that horseshoe fortune sometimes goes far beyond mere good luck—it may, for example, be a safeguard against D.T.s. It was a Lincs man named Kelsey who came to London, not forgetting his horseshoe, and became landlord of what is now "The Horseshoe Inn," in Tottenham Court Road. Incidentally, from the purely personal point of view, one of England's most noteworthy pubs is the "Horseshoe" at Llanyblodwell, Shropshire. The fellow who runs it is a Mr. Lloyd. It has been in his family for over 400 years—fathers and sons have held on to it ever since the days of Good Queen Bess. But we're doing London for the moment. Ever called in at the "Prince of Wales," Camden Town, and spotted the Glue Pot hanging in the saloon bar? The pub used to go by that name, and the pot is one of the originals used by a piano worker of the neighbourhood. Speaking of pianos would remind a publican of a few more of his worries. A publican can, if he is not careful, commit a dozen offences inside an hour. He sells drink, but must not permit drunkenness. He must give full measure, but not over measure. He provides games, but must prohibit gaming. M. T.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

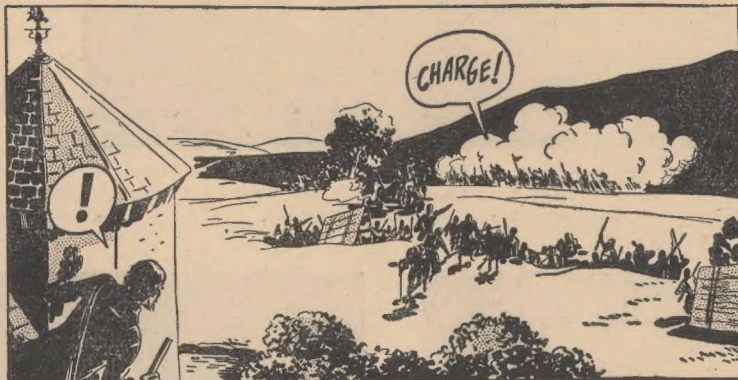
BUFFS	PACES
PRIME	GAVE
SPORE	LIVER
HEN	WAITING
ARTS	COAL
EL	COUNT
ESCORT	ETCH
TANDEM	ROE
FARCE	OPERA
ELVER	RISER
NEE	STEPS
T	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								11
12				13		14		
		15		16		17		
18	19		20		21			
22		23		24		25		26
		27		28		29		
30	31		32		33			
34			35		36		37	
38			39					
40						41		

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Chimney-top. 5 Thread-like filaments. 10 Bean. 11 Pronoun. 12 Related. 13 Satisfy. 15 Eleven. 17 Pile. 18 Entreat. 20 Cow-house. 22 Join up. 24 Reptile. 27 Fruit. 29 Fuss. 30 Size of type. 32 Rudiment. 34 Develop. 36 Relax. 38 Edge. 39 Whole number. 40 Braid work. 41 Permit.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Carriage. 2 Tree. 3 Journalist. 4 Furrow. 5 Frothy. 6 Pronoun. 7 Rake. 8 Angered. 9 Trickie. 14 Let drop. 16 Talented. 19 Rude. 21 Exceptional. 23 Gem. 25 Harm. 26 Oarsman. 28 Representative. 30 Through. 31 Stupor. 33 Dance. 35 Contend. 37 Collection.

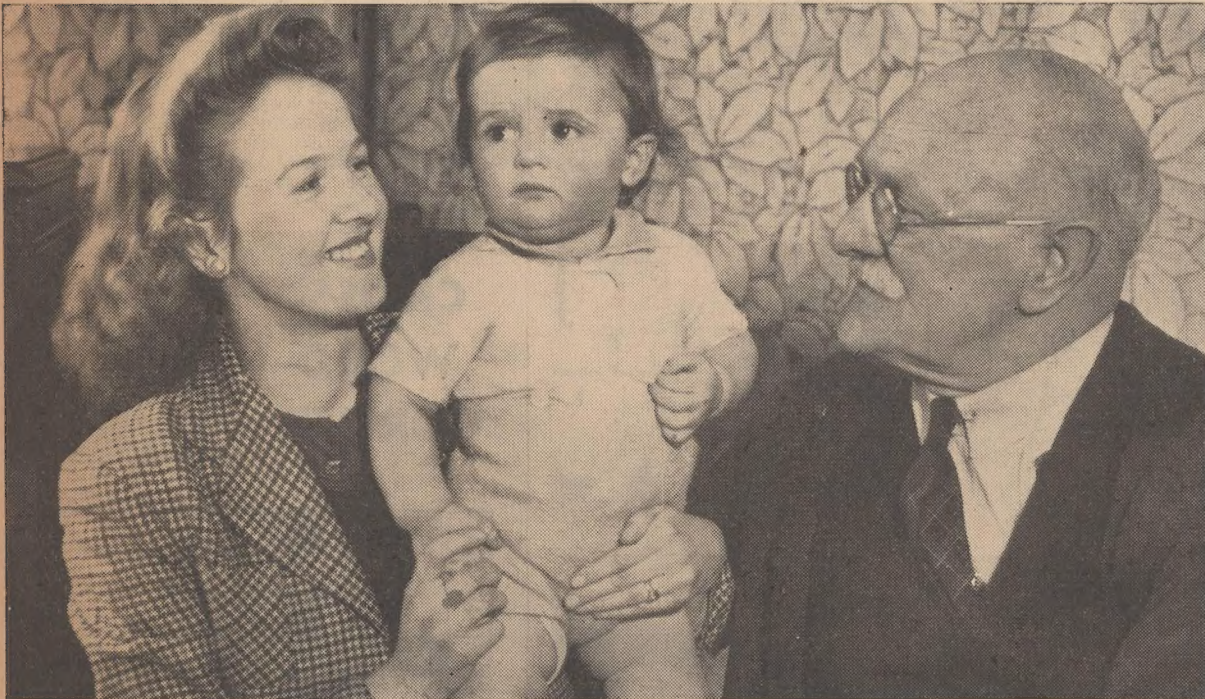
Good Morning A Page of Smiles (from Mothers, Sisters & Wives)



The wash-tub was forgotten, 1st Class Stoker Harry Sawyers, when the "Good Morning" cameraman called at Longmeadow Cottages. And here you see the "young hopefuls" with your Mother sending you a fourfold smile.



Four familiar faces here for you, A.B. Tom Hewitt. Like one of those seaside picture postcards, they might be saying, "Just a line from St. Bees Street."



Well, what do you think of Chunklings, Stoker Richard Drummond? Your wife told us that was your name for Baby Derek. She also told us her name for you — but let that pass. Don't you think they're all looking mighty fit? Must be something about the Southport sea breezes, after all.



We were lucky to catch Aunt Hilda when we called to take a photograph of Mum and Dad, Stoker Fred Hunt. The boys were all at school, or we would have taken a picture of the whole crowd. Your father is not preparing to hurl back the German invaders, Fred — he's just got the fork to do a spot of gardening!



Sister Dorothy's Christine looks a bonnie lassie, don't you think, P.O. Walter Egan? Your Mother and Dorothy were both in the pink when we called. Mother wishes you would write a little more often, although she knows you haven't much time, Walter.



Introducing Angela (two weeks old) to A.B. Harry Thorpe. This Very Important Personage was asleep when we called, but your sister Joan brought her in to be photographed when she heard it was for you, Harry.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've 63 children and 379 grandchildren — and I never hear from any of them."

